

Thos. C. L. C. to Mrs. H. Harris

Call me pet names

WRITTEN BY

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD

COMPOSED FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

BY

H. R. HARRIS

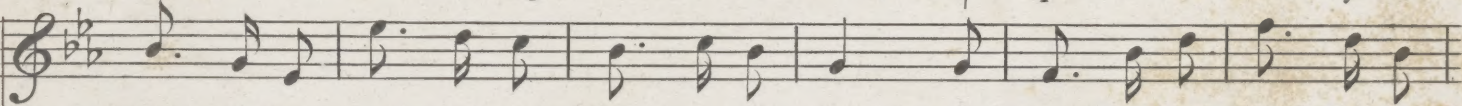
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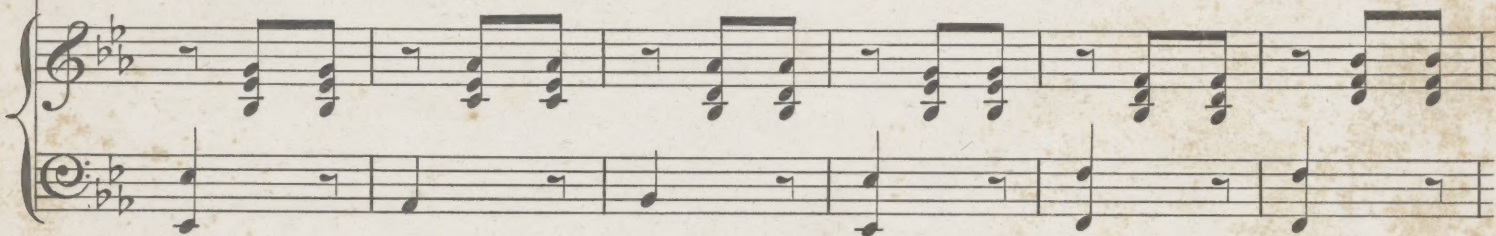
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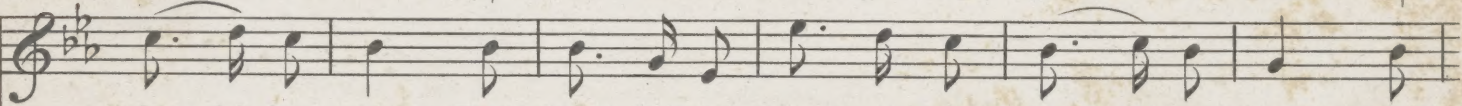
V. 4. Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own! Speak to me al-ways in



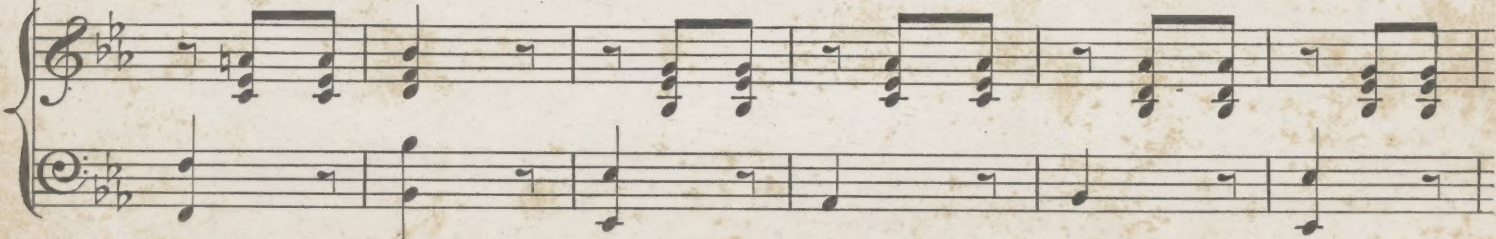
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird, That flies to thy breast at one



Love's low tone! Let not thy look or thy voice grow cold:



cher-ish-ing word, That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight, That



Let my fond wor--ship thy be-ing en--fold ~ Love me for--e--ver, and
 ten-der-ly sings there in loving de-light! Oh! my sad heart keeps pi-ning for

love me a--lone Call me pet names, dar-ling! Call me thine own!
 one fond word,— Ad lib. Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

2.

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,
 That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
 That droops when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,
 That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,
 That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;
 Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

3.

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,
 Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
 Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
 When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea:
 Oh! trust thy rich bark, where its warm rays are,
 Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy star!

Webb.

